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The Literary Week.

WE feel that we owe an apology to our readers for the preponderance of reviews of novels and articles relating to fiction in this issue. It is our first special attempt to grapple with the enormous number of new novels that harry us without cessation through the year. We receive, on an average, twenty a week in the season, and the production increases every year. The inference is that a vast number of people read novels and nothing else. That is not an encouraging thought; but, while regretting it, we think it only fair occasionally to devote a considerable portion of our space to the most prolific, and certainly the most remunerative, department of modern book production.

To London at large, at least we hope so, the last evening of October was significant, being the eve of the Borough Elections. The little world of literary folk put by, for a few hours, the thought of the elections to consider an event that had no parallel in their experience. That was the production of a new tragedy—"Herod"—by a poet—Mr. Stephen Phillips—with all the lavish accessories, historic and scenic aids, that the brain of a distinguished actor-manager—Mr. Tree—could devise. It was said once on a time: "All I need is four boards and a passion." What would the teeming-brained, full-bodied, nimble-witted Elizabethans have thought, could they have sat in the pit last Wednesday night and seen the splendour of the palace of Herod at Jerusalem, with the shifting, perfectly-drilled crowds, the gorgeous dresses, the landscape, with the palace, lightening and darkening with the changes of the Eastern day; the episodes, so slight yet meaning so much, that recreated the life of Jerusalem thirty years before the birth of Christ—seen the splendid pagan figure of Herod, such garments, such a make-up, swearing to recreate the cold flesh of Mariamne into the living woman again. What would they have thought could they have seen their thoughts encircled in such a setting.

"HEROD" is to be published soon, when we shall criticise, at leisure, its literary quality. Here we can say that Mr. Stephen Phillips has shown himself to be an adept in construction; shown, too, a dramatic instinct rare indeed in conjunction with the poet's thought. Through the three acts the interest of the play never flagged, and two of the "curtains" are remarkable—that at the end of the second act when Herod, not knowing that Mariamne is lying dead within, advances up the steps to the open door of her house, shouting to her to share his triumph in the honours that Caesar has just showered upon him; and that awful scene at the close when Herod stands, not hearing the roll-call of further honour that Caesar has conferred upon him, for he is rigid, like a figure of bronze, the distracted brain at rest, brain and body caught and bound in a cataleptic trance. So he stands, pitiful, but still a king, in the midst of his court. And on that picture the curtain falls.

It is a good play—a good brisk, acting play—sufficiently faithful to history to be credible, touched here and there—and those touches thrill—with the portent

of the event that thirty years later was to dominate the world. Other plays, other dramas have been equally as good in construction and interest, but the significance of Wednesday evening, the note of the play, was that through the episodes of the tragedy, the kaleidoscope of the pageant, the dancing and the music, there fell on the ear lines and passages of meaning and of beauty—in a word, poetry came soothingly across the foot-lights. And what a relief it was to sit in a modern theatre and hear things said that the mind wanted to remember. May the literary drama prosper! May other managers follow Mr. Tree's brave example!

LORD ROSEBERY, in his book on Napoleon, speaks more than once of his hero's admiration of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. This reminds us of Hazlitt's quaint reason, printed in a footnote to one of his "Table Talk Essays" in the *London Magazine* for 1821 (a year in which it needed a bold man to admire Napoleon—in print). "During the peace of Amiens," Hazlitt wrote, "a young English officer, of the name of Lovelace, was presented at Buonaparte's levée. Instead of the usual question, 'Where have you served, sir?' the First Consul immediately addressed him, 'I perceive your name, sir, is the same as that of the hero of Richardson's romance!' Here was a Consul. The young man's uncle, who was called Lovelace, told me this anecdote while we were stopping together at Calais. I had also been thinking that his was the same name as that of the hero of Richardson's romance. This is one of my reasons for liking Buonaparte."

SIR THEODORE MARTIN has replied to Miss Corelli in the *Morning Post*. His letter is not very effective, for it is mainly directed against Miss Corelli's detailed statements, not against her real position. Miss Corelli may be wrong in saying that the inhabitants of Stratford resent the placing of the Helen Faucit monument in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon Church. Sir Theodore Martin says he ascertained their feelings, which were "favourable." It doesn't matter a jot; this is a national matter, and the nation is not "favourable." The vicar, too, seems to have encouraged Sir Theodore's scheme; not "resisted it to the utmost of his power." Again it does not matter. Vicars do these things. Miss Corelli seems to have neglected an opportunity to speak privately to Sir Theodore Martin on the subject, and to have concealed her warlike intentions under effusive expressions of respect. This, again, matters to Sir Theodore Martin, but to no one else.

THERE remains the fact that a large monument is about to be placed in the Shakespeare chancel. As a proposal, and as a precedent, this is objectionable. Miss Corelli telegraphs to us from Stratford-on-Avon as follows:

Will you kindly point out that the size of space required by Sir Theodore Martin for the effigy of his wife is seven feet high by three feet wide, an absolutely monstrous measurement. If put up will destroy whole view of chancel, and extinguish the Shakespeare monument, besides necessitating the mutilating of two old brasses.

Miss Corelli's statement is rather strong; but her case is stronger.

THE Love Letters of Victor Hugo (1820-1822) have been promised for some time, and now a first instalment appears in *Harper's Magazine*. They are out-and-out love letters: they are about nothing but love. From a child Victor Hugo had loved Adèle Foucher. He tells us:

I see myself again, a child in years, a merry schoolboy, playing, running, shouting, laughing, with my brothers in the long green alley in the wild garden of that home in which I passed my early life. We dwelt in the old Nunnery which lifts its head over the dark dome of Val de Grâce.

Even when they confessed their love they were still children. M. Paul Meurice, who edits the Letters, relates the story charmingly:

Adèle, bolder and more curious than Victor (being a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of all his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret, greater than all?" Victor acknowledged that he had secrets, and that one of them was greater than all the rest. "Just like me!" cried Adèle. "Well, come now, tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine!"

"My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you."
"And my great secret is that I love you," said Adèle, like an echo.

The course of true love ran no smoother with these than with others. Their troubles were from within and without, as this passage shows:

You accuse me vaguely of certain things. You say I seem embarrassed when I am with you. It is true. I am so, but it is because I would so gladly be always alone with you, and am annoyed by the inquisitive glances of people around me. You add that "I seem to feel *ennui* when with you." If you think me a liar it would be useless to tell you over again that my only happy moments are those that I am able to spend with you.

And yet, my Adèle, in connexion with these ideas, it may be right to tell you that the time may be at hand when I shall have to give up this last and only pleasure. Your parents look upon me with dislike, and assuredly they have good reason to complain of me. I acknowledge the wrongs I have committed against them, or, rather, the one wrong I have done them, for there is only one, and that is, I have loved you. You must feel that I cannot continue to visit in a house whose master and mistress do not like to see me. I write you this with tears falling from my eyes, and I blush like a conceited fool as I am.

Whatever may happen, accept my inviolable promise to have no other wife but you, and to become your husband as soon as it may be in my power. Burn all my other letters, but keep this one.

A hard father had to be placated, and Hugo hurled his genius against the obstacle, extorting admiration before he won consent; indeed, Hugo was fain to find satisfaction in signing his letters to Adèle "Your Faithful Husband" long before the title became his in reality.

A VERY scurvy trick seems to have been played on the proprietor of a new boys' paper called *Boys of the Empire*, of which the first number lies before us. The proprietor, Mr. Andrew Melrose, registered the paper last April. Since then an elaborate and costly scheme of correspondence and advertisement and a great deal of money have been brought to the enterprise. A month ago, a half-penny paper, bearing the same title, was rushed out by another firm, and succeeded in gaining a large circulation owing to Mr. Melrose's advertising. As the law stands at present, he has no redress, and we therefore have pleasure in making the distinction between the papers known by emphasising the fact that Mr. Melrose's paper is a penny weekly, and has a green cover. The contents strike us as

thoroughly wholesome, discreetly blending sensation with useful matter.

UNDER the heading "The Shrinking of the World" the New York *Saturday Review* discusses the effect on literature of the shrinkage of the world caused by the rapidity of communication and the exploration and occupation of almost every new land under the sun. The subject is an interesting one, and it might be useful to show by instances how closely literature has followed the axe and the plow during recent years. It is a curious reflection that in the Elizabethan age the opening up of new lands and seas brought an exultant sense of the world's bigness; in the Victorian age the same cause produces an opposite effect on the mind.

THERE is a good deal to be said for a criticism on the *Dictionary of National Biography* which Mr. Havelock Ellis makes in the November *Argosy*. While warmly praising the great work, he complains that descriptions of the personal appearance of notable men are much to seek, and that in 50 per cent. of the biographies of the most eminent men such descriptions are not to be found at all. The scientific value and general interest of such particulars are great. Is there not a story of Thackeray anxiously seeking in an American library a book which would tell him what kind of breeches George Washington wore?

THE international edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* is before us. Mr. Heinemann has done handsomely by it, and we rejoice to see that the pictures by Hans Tegner are all brilliant wood engravings, full of that thoroughness of human skill which children appreciate without knowing it. We said children, but the edition is for us all; and it is for the grown-ups that Mr. Gosse discourses of Andersen in his Introduction. The striking thing in his relation is that these tales, which have showered happiness into a million nurseries, were shrugged at by their author. He thought that his five-act dramas and his novels were his real work, and that by them he would live. Yet even Mr. Gosse has not read Andersen's novel, *The Two Baronesses*. Another interesting thing is that the *Tales* were not only accounted small beer by their author, but the Danish public—an entity realised only by Mr. Gosse—were shocked, scandalised by these *smaatting*. Until they appeared Danish literature had always behaved itself with propriety; it had used a literary diction, and said fine things in a fine way. Never had it permitted children or uneducated people to talk at the Muses' table: the naïvetés of the vulgar had never been quoted. "Conceive," says Mr. Gosse, in illustrative excuse for this stupidity, "what Johnson and Burke would have thought of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and you have a parallel to the effect of 'Little Claus and Big Claus' upon academic Denmark." And then Mr. Gosse waxes critical and classificatory, expounding the difference between "The Tinder Box" and "Little Ida's Flowers," and telling us why children like Andersen's stories.

A VERY creditable *Catalogue of Books on the Fine Arts*—creditable to the Librarian and the Free Library—comes from Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is compiled by Mr. T. A. Onions, B.A. If the hundreds of books—classified on the Dewey Decimal System—which it mentions are studied as they should be by the men and women of Newcastle, we have no doubt that the public taste will soon compel the removal of the monster statues of Lords Stowell and Eldon which disfigure the porch of the Newcastle Free Library and intimidate visitors from London. If so, Mr. Onions will not have laboured in vain. But, seriously, the

catalogue is excellent, and one need not be a Novocastrian to covet it.

THERE is an interesting article on "The Real 'Diana of the Crossways'" in the November *Temple Bar*. We say interesting, but we doubt whether the writer was well advised in retelling the squalid story of Mrs. Norton's wrongs, even when that story is set off by the picture of her own worth, beauty, and wit. The salient paragraph in the article is this:

The parallel between the two lives [Diana's and Mrs. Norton's] is unmistakable, but the necessity for that preliminary caution to read *Diana of the Crossways* as fiction is equally apparent. The novelist adapts, and whatever does not suit his purpose is rejected. There is, however, one point on which the reader should be put beyond any risk of misconception. The plot, if plot it can be called, of Mr. Meredith's brilliant and fascinating story hinges upon Diana's betrayal of the Cabinet secret confided to her by her young statesman lover. This appears to be a gratuitous blot on the character of the heroine of the book which most readers will feel that no tears of pity can ever wash out. It is founded on a story that Mrs. Norton betrayed to Barnes, editor of the *Times*, the secret, confided to her by Sidney Herbert, one of her ardent admirers, that Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet had resolved upon a repeal of the Corn Laws. The secret certainly did leak out, and caused a serious Government crisis; but the story that Mrs. Norton was the culprit appears to have no foundation whatever.

We confess that this reasoning puzzles us. We are to read Mr. Meredith's novel as fiction, and yet we are to be shocked because in one particular it is not fact.

THERE are some pleasing reminiscences of literary men in Sir Wemyss Reid's article on "London After Forty Years," in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Sitting in Hyde Park on a sunny August morning Sir Wemyss Reid says:

As I sit here this morning I see once more the tall, manly figure of Thackeray, as he walks with rapid step along the path by the Row, homeward-bound to his new house in Kensington. The West End of forty years ago belonged to him in a peculiar sense; and it is a joy, not to be easily parted with, to know that I have seen him treading its streets. And in Kensington Gardens I caught my last glimpse of Charles Dickens as a living man. It was only a week or two before his death, and he was strolling down one of the paths under the trees; his companion was a girl of tender years and manifestly humble circumstances, to whom the Master was talking with that animation of mood and manner which never failed him to the last. There is a seat here in Hyde Park that is always associated in my mind with the great name of Carlyle; for more than once I have seen the author of *Sartor Resartus* resting upon it, with sombre face and downcast eye, while the faithful William Allingham, like some silent watch-dog, sat humbly at the other end of the bench, awaiting the great man's pleasure and keeping off all intruders.

WHILE Sir Wemyss Reid is recalling the men and things of forty years ago, Sir George M. Smith writes very delightfully on "The Early Forties" in the *Cornhill*. He takes us back to the time when the business of Smith, Elder & Co. was carried on at 65, Cornhill, and when its publishing operations were not only secondary, but were for years indifferently managed. At twenty he was entrusted with the management of this publishing branch, and allowed a capital of £1,500, which he was to use according to his own discretion. His first transactions were with "Orion" Horne, whose *New Spirit of the Age*, in two volumes, he accepted and published with infinite solicitude. Afterwards Horne—one of the most eccentric half-geniuses who ever wrote—offered him an extraordinary novel written to sustain the proposition, which was so ridiculed by Dr. Johnson, that every man and every woman had a natural affinity for some other man or

woman. Horne's treatment of the theme was rather coarse, and in other ways "impossible."

SIR GEORGE SMITH's stories of Leigh Hunt, with whom he soon entered into extensive business operations, are amusing. On one occasion he paid Hunt £200 in bank-notes:

Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank-notes carelessly down, and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche, which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter. I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business, and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him said, in wondering tones: "And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country?" Then in tones of remonstrance he demanded: "Are you contented with such a life?" All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials: they would have made a most delightful picture. I said: "Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy." I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and, after entering into certain formalities, we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

Two unpublished epitaphs by Sydney Smith were given in last week's *Pilot*, to which paper they are contributed by Lord Halifax. The first is on Pitt, and was written at some time in the 'thirties when a statue of that statesman was placed in Hanover-square:

To the Right Honourable William Pitt
Whose errors in foreign policy
And lavish expenditure of our Resources at home
Have laid the foundation of National Bankruptcy
And scattered the seeds of Revolution
This Monument was erected
(amid few only of the wise and good)
By many weak men, who mistook his eloquence for wisdom
And his insolence for magnanimity,
By many unworthy men whom he had ennobled
And by many base men, whom he had enriched at the Public
expense
But to Englishmen
This Statue raised from such motives
Has not been erected in vain
They learn from it those dreadful abuses
Which exist under the mockery
Of a free Representation
And feel the deep necessity
Of a great and efficient Reform.

These lines amused Lady Georgiana Grey, who one evening repeated them to their author. She was then thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. Next morning she received a copy of the epitaph written out by Sydney Smith, and below it an epitaph on herself which ran as follows:

To Lady Georgiana Grey, aged 92,
This monument was erected.
She was remarkable among many other qualities
For that tenacious memory
With which she recollected
The compositions of her friends.
But in the course of a long life
She could not have remembered
Anything so agreeable and interesting
As her friends will remember of her.

Sydney Smith's allowance of ninety-two years to Lady Georgiana has proved insufficient. As Lord Halifax points out, she died on September 13 last, in her hundredth year.

A CONSERVE of *M.A.P.* in red and gold is *In the Days of My Youth* (Pearson). Mr. T. P. O'Connor personally shepherds his blithe crew of successful men and women, each of whom undertakes to tell us of his or her rise in life. There are actors and actresses (these are given the first place), musicians, authors, artists, politicians, and "general" people like Mr. Maskelyne. As a museum of suavities and pseudo-confidences the book is mighty pretty reading. Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, we are pleased to know, is making lots of money out of his novels. Enough to "purchase a waterproof in view of the inevitable rainy day—not one of the heavy, substantial ones, to be sure, but still one that will make my household independent of that literary umbrella, the Royal Literary Fund." And he concludes, with a thump on his thigh: "The author who sneers at the literary agent is a fool; the publisher who sneers at the literary agent is —; but now no publisher sneers at anyone—no, not even at an author." Goodness, no! Madame Grand thinks the lesson of the literary life is to ignore the critics, and "express ourselves." Charming!

SLEEP hovers on our eyelids whenever we read a sentence after this pattern:

When we survey the really illimitable field of human knowledge, the vast accumulation of works already printed, and the ever-increasing flood of new books poured out by the modern press, the first feeling which is apt to arise in the mind is one of dismay, if not of despair.

This is the first sentence of *A Book for All Readers, Designed as an Aid to the Collection, Use, and Preservation of Books and the Formation of Public and Private Libraries*, by Ainsworth Rand Spofford (Putnam's Sons). Mr. Spofford discourses quite usefully about Book-buying, the Enemies of Books, the Art of Reading, the Qualifications of Librarians, Catalogues, &c., &c. We have no doubt that his work will serve some excellent purpose.

Bibliographical.

THE statement that Sir Lewis Morris's new volume of verse may possibly be his last will affect different people in different ways. There are those to whom Sir Lewis is antipathetic; the number of his admirers seems to have decreased somewhat largely since the days of the *Epic of Hades*, in which, you remember, the final judgment was that it was "a Hades of an Epic." Last year a *Selection* from the Poems for the use of schools was published. In 1898 there had been an edition of the *Works*; in 1897 a *Selection* from them, for general consumption; in 1897, also, Sir Lewis's *Ode on the Diamond Jubilee*; in 1896 a volume of *Idylls and Lyrics*, as well as an edition of the *Works*, in eight volumes; in 1894 *Songs without Notes* (as if that were possible); in 1893 the *Marriage Ode on the Duke and Duchess of York*; in 1891 a new edition of the *Epic*; in 1890, *The Vision of Saints, Fidelibus*; and so forth. Sir Lewis's *Songs of Britain* date back to 1887; republished now, they might fit in with the patriotic fever. In 1886 came *Gyeia*, a tragedy in five acts. But I will not pursue the subject further.

Dr. A. W. Ward's election to the Mastership of Peterhouse, Cambridge, must have been peculiarly gratifying to him, for of that college he was once a student, and afterwards a fellow (1861), assistant lecturer, and honorary fellow (1891). To lovers of literature he is interesting as an editor of Pope's *Poetical Works* (1869), as the author of monographs on Chaucer and Dickens (1880 and 1882) in the "English Men of Letters" series, as the editor of specimens of the *Old English Drama* (Marlowe, Greene,

&c., 1897), as the editor of the *Poems* of John Byrom (1894-5), and as the writer of a monograph on Sir Henry Wotton (1897). Last year he published a new and revised edition of his *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, which is crammed full of learning, but not so conspicuous for value as criticism. Perhaps no one man ought to take up a subject so very considerable in extent.

The edition of Crashaw's English Poems just issued by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Great Fencote, Yorks., consists of two volumes, bound in one. Of these, the second, *Carmen des Nostro*, was originally brought out by Mr. Tutin some time ago, through the agency of Messrs. W. Andrews & Co. The first part of the present publication includes *The Delights of the Muses*, and *Steps to the Temple*, and I mention it here because I find that the editorial introduction embraces what is virtually a bibliography of Crashaw, though Mr. Tutin modestly describes it as a "Guide to the Study" of the poet. The "Guide" has some excellent features, and should be of great utility and value to future students of Crashaw's life and works. I observe that Mr. Tutin duly records the appearance in the *ACADEMY* (November 20, 1897) of Mr. Francis Thompson's critical-essay on Crashaw.

Mr. A. R. Spofford's *Book for All Readers* (Putnam's) has a chapter on Bibliography, giving a sketch of the literature of that subject, from the *Bibliotheca Universalis* of Conrad Gesner (1545) to works of the present day. The account of American Bibliography is especially full and welcome. I detect only one error in the references to English books on books. Messrs. Cassell's *Dictionary of English Literature* is described as written by "W. H. D. Adams," and published in 1880. It really appeared in 1878, and the author has no "H." in his initials.

I have great sympathy with that firm of publishers, hitherto unknown to me, which proposes to issue the "Complete" Works of certain authors (beginning with Keats), and, moreover, to issue them at a reasonable price—one shilling net per volume. In this way we are to have all the verse and prose of Keats for five shillings. Hitherto it has been obtainable only in a high-priced edition, supervised by Mr. Forman. I understand, further, that the page of text in this Library is to be comparatively small, but neat, the type being also neat, though perhaps smallish. It is well (save in *livres de luxe*) that a book should, above all, be handy. The main point, however, is "completeness"—a virtue rarely arrived at in the case of most low-priced editions of the classics.

Talking of "completeness," I see it stated that Mr. Herbert Gatfield has compiled a "complete" list of printed plays, and that it is available for consultation in the British Museum Reading Room. I believe I am correct in saying that what Mr. Gatfield has compiled is a list of the plays included in various editions of the acted dramas, such as Cumberland's, Duncombe's, Webster's, Lacy's, Dicks's, and so forth. A complete list of English printed plays, including those issued by their authors in volume form, would run to very much greater length than does Mr. Gatfield's nevertheless very useful compilation.

One of the treasures of a modern dramatic or theatrical library is a copy of the pamphlet called *The Fashionable Tragedian* (Henry Irving), and written in the long ago (the late 'seventies, I think) by Messrs. William Archer and R. W. Lowe. A leading feature of this brochure was the cleverness of the pictorial caricatures of Mr. Irving in his various parts. These drawings, it is understood, were the work of the new editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*—Mr. G. R. Halkett.

The introduction which Mr. Watts-Dunton is writing for Messrs. Ward & Lock's edition of *The Romany Rye* will, I believe, consist to a large degree of protests against the view of Borrow as a man which was put forward in a newspaper not long ago by Mr. Augustus Jessop.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Coventry Patmore.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. (Bell & Sons.)

MR. CHAMPNEYS has apparently aimed at a Boswellian minuteness and completeness in this biography; and certainly he has succeeded in giving a remarkably full account of a man whose outwardly uneventful life would seem to leave little scope for the biographer. Its two volumes equal in bulk the biography of Lord Tennyson. Yet the recluse Tennyson was almost a man of the world compared to Coventry Patmore. The literature of Tennyson's day revolved round him, a constant succession of more or less eminent men were his friends at all periods of his life, and help to diversify his biography with extraneous interest. Whereas Patmore, after mingling in the literary stream during his youth, withdrew from it, and gradually disused most of the illustrious friendships formed during those earlier days, becoming an intellectual contemplative beyond even the wont of poets. His life, therefore, like his poetry, was exceptionally household and inward. "That milk-soup, domestic bliss," as he has called it, never to him lost its flavour. Mr. Champneys's endeavour, accordingly, has been to make up for the paucity of incident by giving as close a picture as possible of the man, especially in those domestic relations which so remarkably formed the basis of his work. He has certainly done it beyond what could have been looked for. Moreover he has, with the aid of unpublished fragments, no less than of letters, enabled the reader to form an estimate of Patmore's views and teachings such as could scarcely have been suggested by anyone without those advantages of long and close friendship which he possessed. Yet it may be a question whether he has not used this minute method with too scrupulous detail. One is inclined to think that the central figure is at times perplexed by the copiousness of accessories. We are given even the medical certificates by which the poet obtained leave of absence and of retirement from the Museum. Subordinate sketches, equally studious in their subsidiary degree, are supplied not only of Coventry Patmore's father, but of his first two wives, his dead son, and two dead daughters. The book becomes something like a monograph on the extinct portion of the Patmore family in three generations. So, also, there seems an unnecessary scrupulosity in printing the smallest and most casual scraps of his domestic correspondence, where they do not seem to increase our knowledge of his character. One cannot, in fact, always see the wood for the trees. This, however, will serve by way of professional critical grumble. For the rest, too much was a better error than too little; and Mr. Champneys's care has evidently been great and anxious.

Coventry Patmore came of a literary father in easy circumstances, and was predestined to literature from his childhood. He had the advantage (as he always esteemed it) of reading the great writers in volumes where his father had noted the best passages, with a trained taste. This, he considered, taught him early to relish only what was fastidiously perfect in literature, the finest flower of the mind. Certainly, in later years he was a martinet as to literary perfection. Yet it may be doubted whether such a method might not have been dangerous to a mind less robust, whether the result would not have been literary epicurism, that *dilettante* attitude which he hated as the gates of Hades. He had his fit of science—a serious fit, which left deep traces on his mind and work—and his fit of art; but returned at last to his first love, poetry. His father has left an idealised sketch of the boy in those days, over-done and sentimental after a quite Early Victorian fashion, yet worth quoting in default of better. Here is a

portion (the whole, though interesting, is too long for insertion):

Observe the youth who is seated in the deep recess of yonder window, withdrawn and apart from all the brilliant company—unknowing, for the moment, of anything but his own thoughts, and unknowing even of them but as faint and vague echoes and reflections of those feelings which make up the sum of a boy-poet's life and soul. See! his lithe, fragile form is bending over a book, that is spread open on his knees, his head drooping towards it like a plucked flower. The pale face is resting on the clasped hand, over which, and all round the small, exquisitely modelled head, fall heavy waves of auburn hair, concealing all but one pale cheek—pale and cold as marble, but smooth and soft as a girl's. . . . The boy-poet has fallen upon some passage of his (just at present) sole idol in the temple of poetry, Milton.

Much more interesting is Coventry Patmore's own account of his boyish visit to Leigh Hunt, being then seventeen or eighteen:

"Arriving at his house, a very small one in a small square somewhere in the extreme West, . . . I was . . . asked to sit down until he came to me. This he did after I had waited in the little parlour at least two hours, when the door was opened and a most picturesque gentleman, with hair flowing nearly, or quite, to his shoulders, a beautiful velvet coat, and a Vandyke collar of lace about a foot deep, appeared, rubbing his hands and smiling ethereally, and saying, without a word of preface or notice of my having waited so long, 'This is a beautiful world, Mr. Patmore.' I was so struck by this remark that it has eclipsed all memory of what occurred during the remainder of my visit."

"Skimpole!" one inevitably exclaims. That the poet of the *Angel* fell in love early is a foregone conclusion. Sixteen is the age here recorded, and the lady a Miss Gore. We have an impression that he assigned a yet earlier age—but without mentioning any name. He affirmed that it was a quite true passion; and no doubt it inspired the exquisite passage on precocious love in the *Victories of Love*. He once thought of taking orders, and all his life was ecclesiastically minded. His first poems were published at twenty-one, and the best of them were written at about sixteen or seventeen. Part of the volume was padding, written against time to supply the printers with copy, as he used to relate; and this through his father's pressure on him to publish. Such of these poems as he has retained are ruthlessly retrenched and revised. No one was a finer and sterner critic of his own work; and the alterations, both in these and the *Angel*, are well worth a poet's study. The book won him golden opinions, among others from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a fair amount of notice in the Press, but was not a trade success. The collapse of his father's affairs soon after threw him on journalism and his own resources. Luckily for him, he attracted the notice of Monckton Milnes, and "Cool of the Evening," never cool to good poets, got him an assistant-librarianship in the British Museum. This was his mainstay during his younger years. He held it from 1846 to 1865, when he retired; and during this time he published all the parts of the *Angel*, married and lost his first wife, married his second, and entered the Roman Catholic Church. During this period he formed most of his literary friendships, including those with Tennyson, and, somewhat later, with the Pre-Raphaelites. His acquaintance with Tennyson and others, no less than his great sureness of literary judgment, seems to have made him something of an authority with the young Pre-Raphaelite band. Except with Holman Hunt and F. G. Stephens, the friendship slackened in later years, and noticeably so with Rossetti. With Tennyson his friendship was broken after his first wife's death, through a misunderstanding partly owing to the loss of a letter; and on his side there was much bitterness. Of Rossetti, Mr. Champneys says he never heard him speak bitterly. Mr. Champneys must have been fortunate. It is doubtful, in any case, if so master-

ful a personality as his could long have co-existed with other masterful personalities. But in those early years all accounts agree as to his brilliant talk and fascinating character. "He is very tall and slender," says one person, "and talked splendidly to us for four hours." There are an interesting series of extracts from the *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries*, which show how early he formed many of the principles which characterised him in later life. On the necessity of keeping a poem throughout (for example) on a perfectly satisfactory level of excellence, he never failed to insist, as he did to Rossetti and his friends. A poem of fine passages he could not away with. "When," he wrote, "will people recognise the difference between an ounce of diamond dust and a diamond which weighs an ounce?"

The important event to him of this time was his marriage to his first wife, Emily Andrewes. A woman of noble and spiritual personality, the glimpses of her in this book are most winning. Her letters are no ordinary woman's letters. When she believed herself dying, she urged him to marry again, in terms of touching self-abnegation. She quoted the Scriptural permission, saying: "You cannot be faithful to God and unfaithful to me." Her influence is all through *The Angel in the House*, the heroine of which was partly (but only partly) modelled on her. That poem made Coventry Patmore's name. Vilified or neglected at first, an article in the *Edinburgh Review* seems to have set it under way; and though critical fashion has shifted in regard to it, the sale, on the whole, has been wonderfully steady. Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, all praised it in letters which are here given. "I do not say that it will be now or soon," said Browning, "but, some time or other, this will be the most popular poem that was ever written." The poet used to quote this utterance proudly, as an example of successful prophecy.

The death of his first wife was a mortal stroke to Coventry Patmore, and altered the whole attitude of his life. He went to Rome, married his second wife, a Catholic, and himself became a convert to Roman Catholicism. From that time he retired to the country, without change in his life save that from house to house; and his career is a record of domesticity, study, and meditation, broken by rare intervals of strikingly rapid composition. The last part of *The Angel in the House* was published in 1863; and it was not till 1868 that he began the writing of his last and greatest poems, *The Unknown Eros*. By that time he was out of fashion: the rapid world had almost forgotten his existence, and the book fell flat. Yet by some private judges its power was seen; and it is now steadily asserting its position. This is not the place for a judgment of his poetry. We will only say that the odes of *The Unknown Eros* are decidedly his greatest work, the work by which he should be judged and chiefly known; stately, subtle, fervid, poignant, of classic weight and mastery almost throughout. Yet *The Angel in the House* does not deserve the distaste still often exhibited for it. It lends itself to easy ridicule. There is an Early Victorian domesticity about it which detracts from its present vitality. But its best poetry is admirable. The *Preludes* and end-pieces, which the average reader probably skips to "get on with the story," are its finest portion; exquisite lyrics of a finished purity and still rapture, which he truly asserted to contain the substance of *The Unknown Eros*.

He lived to bury his second wife and two children, marry again, and produce three books of prose, which are, in effect, a masterly commentary on the spiritual philosophy of his poems. He died at Lymington, in November, 1896. Of his appearance and conversation in those later days Mr. Champneys gives a detailed description, which all who knew him will recognise. He was a striking figure; of great height, increased in appearance by his extreme gauntness; large-boned, with imposing forehead and powerful nose; the skin of his face was somewhat flaccid and innumerable wrinkled, the eyelids had a pen-

dulous droop, under which gleamed a scimitar-like line of steel-blue eye. But, under emotion, the lid would suddenly widen, and the eye darken in a remarkable manner. Let Mr. Champneys continue the picture:

He had become subject to a sort of chronic bronchial affection, which made his laugh more harsh, and generally caused it to be followed by a dry cough. This gave a new acquaintance an impression of more sardonic humour than was really characteristic of him. . . . While talking, he would now stand with his back to the fire, his coat-tails under his arms, always resuming his position with a kind of shake of adjustment; then lean far back into his low, cane-backed chair, his legs stretched in front of him, his long hands sometimes grasping the elbows, at others employed in eager demonstration; and, when deeply interested in the talk, he would lean forwards towards his companion, holding him with an eye as fascinating as the Ancient Mariner's.

His private talk was of striking depth and impressiveness. It was often broken by long silence, during which he puffed his cigarette contemplatively; then he would drop some more than usually pregnant saying, which started a fresh conversation. The average of his letters here given are not likely to give him fame with the Lambs and Cowpers; but when they touch on his favourite topics they become striking and often memorable. But the unpublished fragments of prose and verse which Mr. Champneys gives are admirable and treasurable: for them alone the book would be worth publishing. On his speculative opinions, exemplified in them and other portions of the second volume, we cannot here touch. The final impression we get from the book is that of a man strong-willed, masterful, tender towards his own, unbending towards his enemies, with a practical ability rare in modern poets, sensitive to offence, yet generous towards his friends, of an extraordinary intensity and concentration of nature, narrowing his life upon one great purpose—the exploration of the significance of Love, in all its range from human to divine. And that, expressed in lofty poetry, and prose which few will read at first hand, was the life-achievement of Coventry Patmore.

A Devil of a Muddle.

The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Kegan Paul.)

DR. PAUL CARUS is the editor of the Chicago *Monist*, a journal which apparently occupies itself with the dissemination of Monism. This faith, or philosophy, teaches, we gather from his preface, that "the religious ideas of the present time are symbols. Taken in their literal meaning, they are untenable; but understood in their symbolical nature, they are seeds from which a purer conception of the truth will grow." As for its views on the subject in hand, they are difficult to apprehend. God, whom the author elsewhere speaks of as "both transcendent and immanent"—that is, both above and in nature—is said to "encompass" both good and evil; and we are further told, "the Devil is the most indispensable and faithful helpmate of God," and that, "to speak mystically even the existence of the Devil is filled with the presence of God." When people talk of speaking mystically they generally mean that there is much more in their utterances than meets the eye, but that they are not quite sure what it is; but this is one step further on the road to vagueness. In the robust faith of the Luciferans, according to the ardent Catholics who discovered, and perhaps invented, it, He whom we call God is the Devil, and he whom we call the Devil is God; but to the Monist the two names apparently mean pretty much the same thing. Philosophic, no doubt, but confusing.

So much for the standpoint of the author. Turning to the book itself, we are at first sight struck by the pains

and expense lavished on it by the publishers. The vignettes and fleurons, printed in pale-green ink, are, in most instances, worthy of all praise, though one or two are not improved by the text being printed over them. The illustrations apart from the text are clearly reproduced, but are very unequal in value. The boldly executed plates from Picart lose nothing at all by reduction; but the same can hardly be said of the objects in the Musée Guimet, here copied, we may guess, not from the exhibits themselves, but from the coarse woodcuts printed for popular use in the little catalogue distributed to visitors. Of the others, the frescoes from the Campo Santo at Pisa are given on too small a scale to be intelligible, while the huge canvases of Schnorr von Carolsfeld positively gain by compression. In this, as in other respects, the author seems hardly to have understood his limitations. The most interesting, as well as the most novel, illustrations to be found in the book are those of the "Ghost Dance" of the American Indians, although some of the old German prints here reproduced are also worthy of notice.

As to the text, Dr. Carus seems to have proceeded on the principle that that which comes handiest must be best. His aim, in dealing with the devils of antiquity, is evidently to collect what he can from earlier summarisers; but he is neither very happy in his guides, nor well up-to-date. Brugsch is not now the authority on the Egyptian religion that he once was, nor is the Turin Papyrus (apparently quoted because it has appeared in an American edition) the most typical recension of the *Book of the Dead*. Wiedemann, who has made Egyptian religion his special study, is never mentioned, and Lenormant's *Histoire de l'Orient* is quoted in preference to M. Maspero's, which has quite superseded it. We may excuse Dr. Carus for quoting Mr. Virey's admittedly faulty translation of the inscriptions of Rekhmara, because Mr. Newberry's excellent work on that tomb is only just beginning to appear, but his friends at the Musée Guimet might have told him that in their *Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation* is to be found a memoir by M. Menant on the Yezidis or Devil-worshippers of Kurdistan, giving a very different account of their tenets from that of the "German traveller" whom he quotes at second hand. Even in his one reference to that mine of devil-lore, the Pistis Sophia, he must needs quote from the faulty translation of Mr. Mead rather than from the accurate French of M. Amélineau, or the scholarly English of the late C. W. King. In nearly every instance he has hit, as if by instinct, on the wrong authority. As for his omissions, it may be enough to mention that he says no word of the devil-worshipping scare got up by certain priests and anti-Semites in Paris a few years ago, although it led to the publication of three periodicals and about fifty books.

Is any further proof wanted that Dr. Carus is unfitted for the task that he has here set himself? No one who has looked into the religious beliefs of primitive folk can fail to notice that in the beginning they attribute neither benevolence nor malevolence to their deities, and are content with the dogma that they are stronger than man. Yet Dr. Carus does not fail to lay down that "Demonolatry, or Devil-worship, is the first stage in the evolution of religion." So, too, it is common knowledge that the Sumerians (or Accadians) were settled in Mesopotamia at least 6,000 years before Christ, and were fighting there with the Semites under the kings before Sargon, who ruled over both Sumerians and Semites in 3800 B.C. Yet Dr. Carus goes out of his way to state that the Accadians lived in Mesopotamia "about the year 3000 B.C., long before the rise of the Semitic nations." Again, the merest tyro in Egyptology could have told him that the Hyksos, or shepherds, were finally expelled from Egypt by the conquering Eighteenth Dynasty. But Dr. Carus fatuously describes Seti, or Sety I., as "the second king of the Nineteenth Dynasty, the shepherd kings." After this, it

seems superfluous to point out that Seb, or Kēb, the "great Cackler," or god of the Earth, although he sometimes takes the shape of his sacred animal the goose, never wears a crocodile's head, and that his name is in no way suggestive of Set, as Dr. Carus avers. Neither is it the case that the inscription *Nama sebesio*, sometimes found on Mithraic groups, means "the sacred fluid," or anything like it; that the title of Inquisitor was used for the first time in 1163; nor that the "Pleroma" of the Gnostics had anything to do with "fulfilment of the Gnostic ideal," it being merely the word used by both heretic and orthodox in the Apostolic age for the "fulness," or complex of the different persons, of the Godhead. Dr. Carus and his proof-reader must share between them the blame for minor mistakes—such as *rapóraporas* for *raprapóras*, Odhin for Odin, le Scroope for the le Scroope of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and the like.

On the whole, therefore, it will be seen that although Dr. Carus has hit upon an interesting subject, his book adds nothing to the knowledge already at anyone's disposal in the scholarly and careful compilations of M. Jules Baissac, M. Albert Réville, or his own countryman, Mr. Moncreux Conway. On the other hand, he has increased our admiration of Robert Louis Stevenson, and his appreciation of certain qualities of the American character. To call a friend of his the great "Americo-Parisienne sculptor" would be entirely in Dr. Carus's vein.

A Dream of Fair Women.

The Women of the Renaissance: a Study of Feminism. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. (Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.)

M. MAULDE has juggled very prettily with a vast subject. We say "juggled" because the women of the Renaissance, including her who from her litter dictated the *Heptameron*, were fathomless, and he who writes concerning them may not hope to develop conclusions; he can but make a spectacle of them. Our author frankly confesses as much, but it would be unfair to charge with futility a volume full of an erudition worn with the grace of a Jusserand—a volume large enough to be well-nigh inexhaustible, and so daintily petticoated that the "Lazy Minstrel" might tune his lyre anew to a hundred texts therefrom.

The original—*Les Femmes de la Renaissance*—appeared in 1898, and contains a number of footnotes, most of which are omitted by Mr. Ely on the curious ground that they make reference to "authorities unknown or inaccessible to the English reader." On the other hand, the translator furnishes an index, many useful notes of his own, and translations of Latin and Italian citations occurring in the work. Mr. Ely is a scholar, and his version reads admirably on the whole. If we were to name a fault, we should mention an undue preference for free as opposed to literal renderings. Two instances will serve for illustration. A phrase like "amateurs de femmes" has a delicate sub-satirical flavour which is missed in "gallants." Again, when M. Maulde, addressing his "dear ghosts," adds: "Le temps actuel est bien masculin, votre spiritualisme n'y apparaît que fort discrètement," Mr. Ely renders the latter half of the sentence: "Your spiritualism pays us but angel visits now," and once more extinguishes the ironic gleam of the original. No one can hope to enunciate a perfect theory of translation; but we incline to the belief that the insidious virtue whose praise is sounded in such phrases as "It reads like an English masterpiece" and "It does not read like a translation," is cultivated far too religiously by many interpreters.

But to return to M. Maulde. Two facts are brought out by him very clearly: first, the unlovely formalism of Renaissance marriages; secondly, the extraordinary influ-

ence of platonism on the social life of the time. The *mariage de convenance* is, of course, the natural safeguard of aristocracy; it maintains the chasm between class and mass. Against its cheerlessness men fortified themselves with concubines, women with "platonic" friendships. Francis I. regarded a mistressless man as a ninny, and wives were capable of a philosophical humility which is almost incredible. Nifo's wife endeavoured to cure him of a fit of studious abstraction by deliberately bringing to him "a young lady . . . of whom she knew her husband was enamoured."

Women, in whose honour reposes that of their offspring, have on many occasions found platonism a useful word. But the light literature which the Renaissance made and read is hardly companionable with it. For then the class of literature of which Boccaccio's stories are perhaps the highest type were favourite reading, and the "impeccable" Margaret, as M. Maulde rather oddly calls her, was diverting the world with her lubricious cordeliers.

Intellectual *demi-vierges* must have been common enough, and the painful continence exploited here and there in the *Heptameron* could scarcely *in loco* have awakened anything but mirth. M. Maulde's attitude to the author of that work is curiously sentimental. He speaks of "her profound yearning to blot out and pardon the sins of the world." Dear, dear!

Platonism, we are forced to understand, could regale its votaries with the love that Adonis denied the mother of the blind god, so long as they did not make such love the be-all and end-all of their intercourse; and no doubt on these terms platonism could flourish exceedingly. Yet one must not forget Michelangelo and the Marchioness of Pescara. Why did he love her? "For her beauty? No. For her wit? No. He loved her because he loved her. . . . He asked nothing of her." He was fifty-one when he fell in love, and the lady was thirty-six; yet he did not see her till twelve years later. Even when she was dead it was her hand, not her brow, he dared to kiss.

A less poetical but quite genuine platonism may be born of disgust, and one feels that an unwashed Renaissance beauty may have exerted an unknown power of sobering adoration. We read that "some discriminating women preferred dry methods to water—powders, pastes, scraping of the skin, which enabled them to say 'that they did not wash their hands.'" Preachers of the sixteenth century in France thus protested against what modern euphemism would call the habit of cleanliness. Cries one: "O fatal laving, prolific in elements of death." Cries another, a Franciscan friar: "Ye women who stew yourselves, I summon you all to the stewpots of Hell!" But "laving," fatal or otherwise, gained in popularity: perhaps the fact that it was made a social function at which gentlemen could present themselves contributed thereto.

It is pleasant to reflect that the Renaissance women remained "almost always young"; for they had the courage of despair when it came to fighting Decay. "They had their teeth drawn, their skin scraped till it bled; they reduced their colour by dint of gulping down sand or cinders. They were *héroïnes de la charité*."

It is now time to close a fascinating volume, upon which it has only been possible to touch very lightly. In these days of new women, the Renaissance women preach from the grave. Behind the bars of marriage they played handsomely at the game of life. Their colouring was not all rouge, nor their laughter but the tinkling of cymbals. They had grace and gave grace; they were royally sentimental; they were women of the cult of youth.

Gusto.

The Men of the Merchant Service. By Frank T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder.)

HAZLITT said: "There is a gusto in Pope's compliments, in Dryden's satires, and Prior's tales; and among prose writers Boccaccio and Rabelais had the most of it. We will only mention one other work which appears to us to be full of gusto, and that is the 'Beggar's Opera.' If it is not, we are altogether mistaken in our notions on this delicate subject." We, also, are mistaken in our notions if Hazlitt would not have sanctioned the addition to his list of "Mr. Bullen, the sea writer." This book is full of gusto. It is not that Mr. Bullen seems to have sailed all seas in all ships, so that he can fetch a crucial instance to every second page, and can casually remember a deck-washing row on board "that ill-fated ship, sunk the other day by the ironclad *Sanspareil*, the *East Lothian*"; no, it is not that he has been to sea, and can remember, and can write; but it is that he can write himself back into the very smell of harbours, and find the solemn breadths of sea on the paper under his pen. This nearness of approach to a subject, this wedding of the savour of the word to the savour of the thing, is gusto. Mr. Bullen has it, and gusto is the literary quality of this book. To show this need be our only and sufficient aim. We could not, in a short space, convey any idea of the variety of special information—all so human and related—that Mr. Bullen gives about the training, duties, and character of masters, mates, second and third mates, carpenters, bosuns, sail-makers, apprentices, and seamen. Almost every chapter is doubled, to embrace sailing and steam. A fascinating chapter deals with "The Master's Qualities." First of these—absolutely first—is the ability to command, and it is found in very varying degrees. You shall find a man "of stately figure and with a voice like a thunder-peal" who is unable to gain the respect of a crew. But another man, who seldom raises his voice during a long voyage, and is a mere placid figure on the bridge, will be felt in every corner of the ship. Mr. Bullen describes such a captain,

an elderly, prosaic-looking figure, who used to come on deck shortly after daybreak every morning, with a moth-eaten Bombay-made dressing-gown flung over his pyjamas, a mangy old fez upon his head, and his bare feet thrust into sloppy slippers. Thus attired, he would pace rapidly up and down the poop for the space of half an hour, taking his constitutional—a most mirth-provoking figure. Yet no one ever laughed, either behind his back, on deck, or in the privacy of the fo'c's'le. When he spoke it was in a velvet voice, but the man spoken to invariably took an attitude of profound respect on the instant.

That was a man after Mr. Bullen's heart, but he does not refuse his admiration to any type of thorough sailor. Such are sketched in rapid phrase again and again in these pages. Putting the highest value on training, Mr. Bullen is of opinion that the best type of sailor is born, not made; and he exults to tell us how such men by sheer instinct, by a humouring as of women with their babes, can neutralise the inherent faults of an unhandy ship; and how steersmen must be born to it to feel all that a wheel-spoke can convey through the hand in the darkness. Mr. Bullen's chapter on the ship's carpenter is an idyll of human skill and resource; it makes the reader proud of men he has never seen. There is gusto even in the chapter on cooks, who as a class are nothing, but as individuals are good and bad in all keys and combinations. He recalls the cook of the *Wonga Wonga*, an effervescing nigger, who out of an unutterable confusion of pastry and poultry and all culinary chaos would construct a dinner for five hundred people, "declaiming Shakespeare on the slightest provocation." Another cook, a little hump-backed Yankee, is presented in the act of butchering sheep in rough weather. But that is a bit of low life that we can skip. For the

nobility of seamanship you should read Mr. Bullen's chapter on "The Mate's Work in a Sailing Ship," particularly the description of an old mate who infected a whole crew with zest when the captain had ordered him to shorten all the standing rigging—a highly technical operation. His face, radiant with interest, was noted by the men: "'Looks as if he'd got something extry-special on hand this mornin'. More nigger-driving,' &c. But it was only the orthodox growl. They did not look displeased. The next minute the mate was among them, his orders flying like hail, and in half an hour the look of the vessel was entirely changed." Or let the reader turn to the story of the taciturn master who had no appearance of the sailor about him, but who in a long night manœuvred his ship with consummate skill through the Sunda Straits by utilising every favourable catspaw and calculating current and coast-line. But we only prick a book that is bulged with sea-craft, and resembles the perfect sailor whose every hair is a rope yarn and every drop of his blood Stockholm tar.

Other New Books.

SHAKESPEARE'S GREENWOOD.

BY GEORGE MORLEY.

"Ay! now are we in Arden," and, unlike Touchstone, we would not be in a "better place." Mr. Morley gossips pleasantly of Warwickshire, of its customs and superstitions, its folk-lore, its birds, and its trees. He devotes chapters to some of the lesser literary lights whose connexion with the county has been somewhat overshadowed by Shakespeare's; to George Eliot and the "Cheverels of Cheverel Manor"; to Dr. Samuel Parr, the aged scholar who was a link between Johnson and Landor; to the triad of minor poets—Shenstone and Iago and Somerville—who gave Warwickshire its share in the poetical renaissance of the eighteenth century. But he is most attractive when dealing with Warwickshire dialect. The isolated enclosure of tilth and woodland in the very heart of manufacturing England, which is Arden, has preserved a wealth of home-spun vocabulary which even Shakespeare, though he drew freely upon it, did not exhaust. Mr. Morley garners some delightful phrases. "Adone, ye lil mummock, ye moither me above a bit," cries a Warwickshire mother to her troublesome child. The shepherd leaves you with the apology: "Well, I mun shog on a bit. I were up at four, ye know, an' I can welly do wi' a shive o' summat to et an a tot o' tay." Like all dialects, Warwickshire is strong in terms of vituperation. A "hedgehog" is an "urchin" whom his father will "lace," "warm," "leather," or "thrape" soundly. A loose "wench" is a "faggot" or "doxy" ("Heigh! the doxy over the dale!"); a slattern is a "slummock." Flowers, too, have their delightful by-names. "Hey," says a more kindly mother, "thee hev gotten a dandy bunch o' smell smocks, my gel. Where didst raggle to get they?" "Smell smocks" are cuckoo flowers, and "Keck" is hemlock or cow parsley, and "cows and calves" are wild arums, and "naked ladies" are leafless meadow saffron. (Nutt. 5s.)

FROM THE CAPE
TO CAIRO.

BY EWART S. GROGAN AND
ARTHUR H. SHARP.

"I must say I envy you," writes Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the letter addressed to Mr. Grogan prefixed to this volume, "for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer—namely, to walk through Africa from south to north. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish." And, indeed, the tramp was a remarkable one. Undertaken, no doubt, with some idea of record breaking, but mainly for the sake of big game-shooting, its result can hardly fail to

stimulate that great scheme, now no longer a mere wild imagination, which proposes the trans-continental connexion, by steam and telegraph, of the Cape with Cairo.

As a narrative of sport and travel the book should take a high place. It is well written, though not so well written as to make the reader pause to consider where fact is aided unduly by art. The pages are packed with a spirit of incorrigible, though perfectly sane, youthfulness, which makes light of dangers and goes for its mark with healthy and humorous perseverance. The traveller in the interior must accept the fact that all natives are born liars; from that point he may arrive at some approximation of the truth. The description of the journey through a country devastated by cannibals is crowded with horrors, most reticently stated, which give a ghastly hint of what civilisation has to face.

We do not dwell upon the hunting episodes, because the book has that greater value to which we have referred. Mr. Grogan concludes with a chapter on "Native Questions," which summarises, with marked lucidity and entire freedom from sentimentality, the attitude which should be adopted by a colonising power. It is to such practical men as the authors of this volume that native administration should be entrusted; "but the means to be employed are not those of the missionary." Those are the concluding words. (Hurst & Blackett. 21s. net.)

ROMAN ART.

BY FRANZ WICKHOFF.

This splendidly illustrated volume, translated and edited by Mrs. S. A. Strong, LL.D., has a critical importance which such works occasionally lack. It is a translation of the essay contributed five years ago by Prof. Wickhoff to a reproduction of the MS. known as the "Wiener Genesis." This study of the evolution of style in Roman art between Augustus and Constantine has been something of an epoch-making work in the literature of its subject, and it is well that it should be brought prominently before English scholars. Prof. Wickhoff aims at reversing the verdict which sets down the Roman painting and sculpture of the Empire as merely an offshoot of imported Hellenism. "Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit" is, in this direction, at best a half truth. The conquest of Greece doubtless brought a wave of Hellenistic influence into the Roman world during the later period of the Republic. But even under Augustus this mingled with a sturdy element of native Etruscan or at least Italian origin, and after Augustus this element largely broke free and found its own, distinctly non-Hellenic, modes of expression. Such is the thesis which Prof. Wickhoff expounds with all the strength given by an admirable equipment, both in archaeology and aesthetics. His proofs are taken from various sources, largely from the arches of Titus and Trajan and the wall-paintings of Pompeii; and he traces the distinctive Roman style right through the Middle Ages, to which the "Wiener Genesis" belongs, until it played its part in the new artistic renaissance of the Trecento. The value of the work is much increased by Mrs. Strong's collection of about a hundred plates and text illustrations, which appeal alike to the scholar and to the lover of beautiful picture-books. (Heinemann. 36s. net.)

THE MAKING OF RELIGION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When the first edition of this book appeared it gave rise to a good deal of criticism. This came both from psychologists and from anthropologists, the latter especially demurring to the position taken up by Mr. Lang with regard to the origin of the belief in gods. This, said Mr. Lang, does not necessarily presuppose an already existing belief in spirits, out of which it could be developed. He held, on the contrary, that primitive man arrived at the notion of a god by some process of reasoning not very definitely stated, and that this notion was in many cases subsequently modified and degraded under the influence of a belief, later in its development, in spirits. He has already

replied in part to his critics in the preface to the revised edition of his *Myth, Ritual and Religion*. In a similar preface to the present volume he touches upon a few additional points; and, in particular, attempts to state a little more exactly the kind of thinking which he conceives to have led primitive man to his god. This is what he now "thinks probable in so obscure a field":

As soon as man had the idea of "making" things, he might conjecture as to a Maker of things which he himself had not made, and could not make. He would regard this unknown Maker as a "magnified non-natural man." These speculations appear to me to need less reflection than the long and complicated processes of thought by which Mr. Tylor believes, and probably believes with justice, the theory of "spirits" to have been evolved. This conception of a magnified non-natural man, who is a Maker, being given, his Power would be recognised, and fancy would clothe one who had made such useful things with certain other moral attributes, as of Fatherhood, goodness, and regard for the ethics of his children, these ethics having been developed naturally in the evolution of social life. In all this there is nothing "mystical," nor anything, as far as I can see, beyond the limited mental powers of any beings that deserve to be called human.

Like everything that Mr. Lang writes, this preface is a delightful and urbane piece of work. Whether it will convert any anthropologists is another matter. (Longmans.)

THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

By W. CAREW HAZLITT.

This is Mr. Hazlitt's third essay at writing the history of Venice. A short book, comparatively, of 1853 was enlarged in 1860 into a work which has been a standard treatise ever since. But forty years, during which the accumulation of material and monographs has been uninterrupted, have naturally rendered it somewhat obsolete. In these two goodly volumes it is brought up to date and much enlarged, the narrative being carried onwards to the expiration of Venetian Independence in 1797. A volume and a half are devoted to the annals of the Republic; the remaining half volume contains an elaborate study of Venetian civilisation during the period of the city's greatness. We cannot, of course, attempt to criticise so detailed a work in the space at our command. Mr. Hazlitt has devoted vast industry and no inconsiderable learning to it, and though he does not impress us as one of the masters of historic style, yet his easy pages, full of narrative, colour, and picturesque episodes, do not make bad reading. It would, indeed, be difficult to write an uninteresting book about Venice. The thoroughly scientific historian would, we think, in a work of this magnitude, cite his authorities more frequently and critically than does Mr. Hazlitt. And we miss the discussion of sources in a preface, or, better still, at the beginning of each chapter, which is rapidly becoming imperative in such a work. The *Venetian Bibliografia* of Cicogna was published in 1847. Even were that not so, a selected and critical bibliography would still be desirable as a guide to the student, and also as some indication of the writer's attitude towards his material and of the kind of treatment of it which may be expected in his book. (Black. 42s. net.)

THE STORY OF THE CHINESE CRISIS. By ALEXIS KRAUSSE.

Unstinted praise can be awarded to this excellent little handbook on the crisis through which China is now passing. Mr. Krausse is well known as an authority on the Far East, and in the present volume he has boiled down his knowledge into a little book of some two hundred pages, which contain all that the ordinary newspaper reader needs in order to understand what is going on in China at present. A slight sketch of Chinese history, sufficient for the purpose in hand, opens the book, and then Mr.

Krausse devotes chapters to the "Advent of the Powers," the "Struggle for the Empire," the "Brewing of the Trouble," and the "Fall of Peking," and finally, turning towards the future, discusses the outlook. For those who desire to know more of the great problem he adds an excellent bibliography of modern books on China, and the index at the end is adequate. Altogether *The Story of the Chinese Crisis* is an example of the best kind of book-making. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

Those who possess no book printed in the "golden type" designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press will do well to obtain Messrs. Longmans' half-crown reprint of the paper on "Architecture and History of Westminster Abbey," read by Morris on July 1, 1884, before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. They will find Morris talking much in Ruskin's style about "the mania for monuments," and our being "a laughing-stock among nations" for having permitted these "pieces of undertaker's upholstery" to blemish the Abbey.

An interesting and sometimes most uncanny book is the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell's *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland* (MacLehose). These have been collected by the author entirely from oral sources, a circumstance which enormously increases the value of his book. The contents are arranged under such headings as "The Fairies," "Tutelary Beings," "The Urisk, the Blue Men, and the Mermaid," "Premonitions and Divinations," &c., and the book should explain Miss Fiona Macleod to many readers. Here is a curious tale: "The Fairies were building a bridge across Loch Rannoch, between Camaghouran and Innis-droighinn, when a passer-by wished them Godspeed. Instantly the work was stopped, and was never resumed."

Are you an amateur scientist? If so, you may like to know of Mr. George Iles's book on *Flame, Electricity and the Camera* (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.), in which he traces man's progress from his first kindling of fire to the wireless telegraph and the photography of colour. The treatment is discursive and popular, and should appeal to many a boy and many a boy's father.

To the "Westminster Biographies" are added two monographs: *Adam Duncan*, by Mr. H. W. Wilson, who endeavours to give flesh and bone to the rather shadowy figure of this gallant admiral; and *John Wesley*, by Mr. Frank Banfield.

The title given by Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (a descendant of the dramatist) to his book on the Philippine problem is *The Filipino Martyrs: A Story of the Crime of February 4, 1899*. The writer's opinions are thus revealed in advance, but Mr. Sheridan is careful to tell us that he formed them on the spot and without any bias against the United States Government, whose work in Cuba he applauds. But after a short time in Manila he was convinced that the Filipinos had been grossly misrepresented; and in this book of two hundred pages, dedicated to the citizens of America, Mr. Sheridan pleads warmly for the Filipinos as a refined and civilised race worthy of self-government, and now suffering intolerable wrongs.

Books on the House of Commons generally justify themselves, for the House will bear a deal of exploration. In *Our House of Commons: Its Realities and Romance*, Mr. Alfred Kinnear, the war correspondent, gives us fifty-four short chapters on Parliamentary life, dividing them into two sections: the "Serious Side" and the "Light Side." In the "Serious Side" we observe that the cost of a seat in Parliament to a member is put at £5 a day; in the "Light Side" we are regaled with a chapter on "The M.P.'s Wife," who is said to be "the most ambitious of all women." By the way, Mr. Kinnear says "Mr. Balfour is never angry." No doubt Mr. Kinnear was in South Africa when Mr. Balfour—got angry.

